

The Curious Affliction of W. K. Vanderbilt's Hands.

W. K. Vanderbilt, who shares with Cornelius the great bulk of the Vanderbilt millions, is suffering from a curious physical infirmity.

The fingers of both his hands are slowly contracting. Already they have reached a condition which causes him considerable inconvenience, and the malady, if unchecked, would eventually render both hands useless. Fortunately this result will be avoided by skillful surgical treatment.

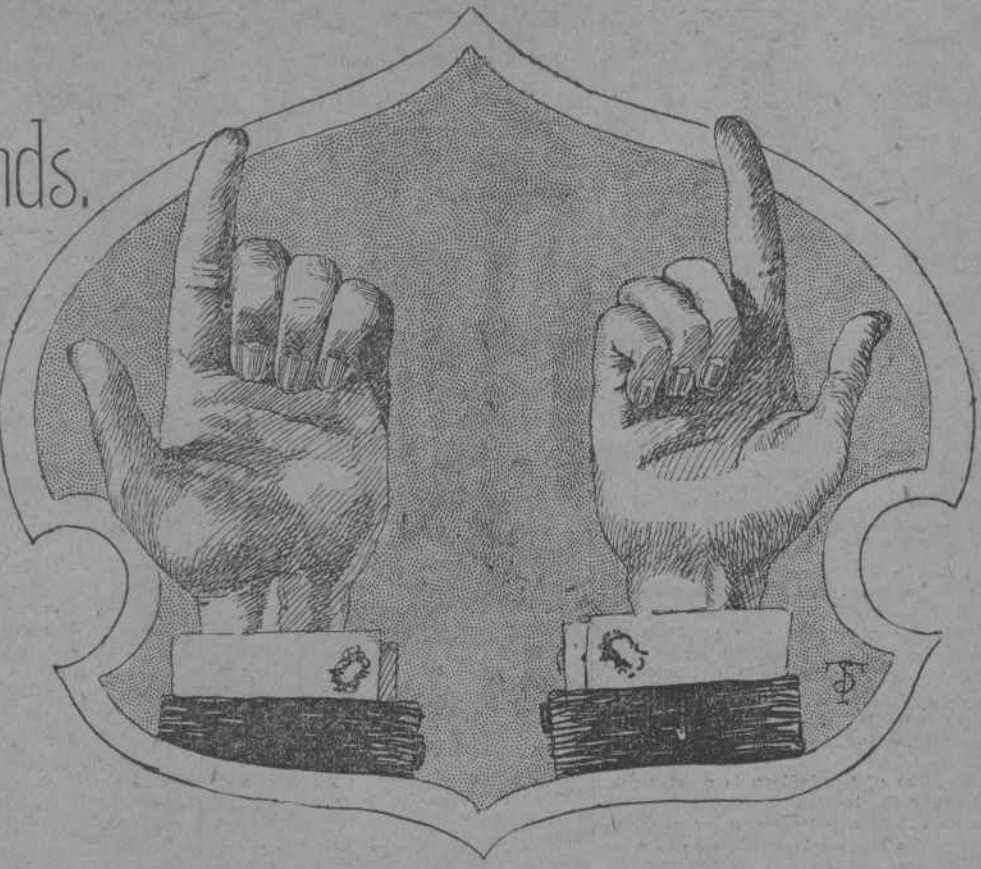
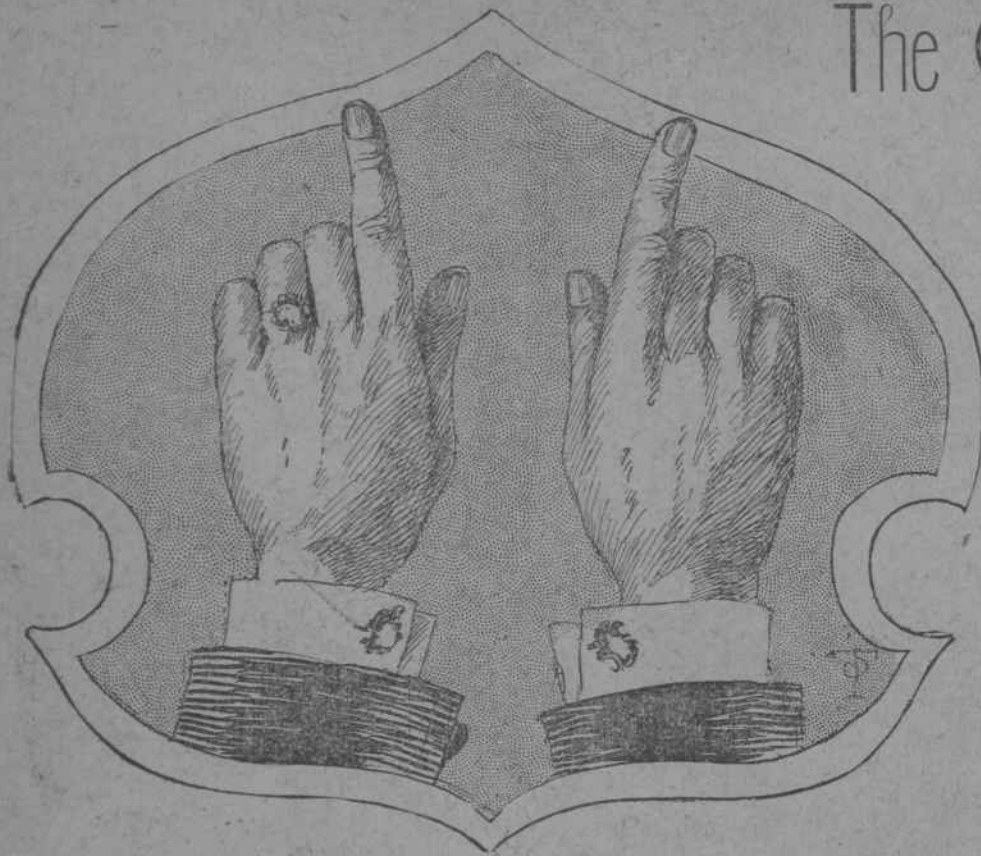
The fingers have now contracted until they are three-fourths the way between the outstretched position and the palms of his hands. He is completely unable to hold them out stiff and straight. He cannot hold his hands in the correct position for swimming or performing other athletic exercises.

Mr. Vanderbilt intended to go for a week to the Hot Springs of Virginia and then return to New York to have the operation performed. The progress of the trouble is so slow, however, that it has now been decided that he can wait until the Newport season is past before submitting himself to the surgeons. The operation is one that will cause him considerable inconvenience and will make him abandon active life for a time, because his hands will be kept in splints for six or seven weeks after it.

The immediate cause of his trouble is contraction of the flexor tendons, which pull the fingers toward the palm, but from what this arises it is difficult to say.

The usual cause of the contraction is an inflammation of some sort, which may arise from rheumatism, gout, a wound, or some injury or disease. In the case of a millionaire such is the disease to which one naturally looks.

This ailment, which is not common in America, is due to the overloading of the stomach with rich foods in too great a quantity to be assimilated by the system. The undigested food passes into the blood. If it is eliminated in some way it is deposited in the form of urates of soda around the tendons, the joints and places where the circulation is slowest. Lack of physical exercise helps to produce this result.



THE "LONG MAN AND SHORT MAN" WHO HAVE TERRORIZED CHICAGO.

The Leaders of the Gang of Desperadoes Gathered in by the Police at Last.

Chicago is beginning to breathe freely.

Mysterious "Long Man and Short Man" have been captured.

Their pals and their pistols are in the hands of the police.

These two remarkable handiis who have had the Windy City stupefied, and mocked at all the efforts of the law.

Behind bars at last, one of the wickedest, proud, perhaps, of the city.

Created such a fright, has braved the likelihood of a long term in prison and a loup.

All the history of crime since police organizations first began to exist there has never been known a reign of terror such as these two men, and their gang of subordinates have created and maintained.

Fire, earthquake, cyclone, riot, no form of disaster that Chicago has ever known created such general dread. These two awesome creatures—the Long Man and the Short Man—entered stores filled with customers and, revolvers in hand, sometimes masked, sometimes not, robbed cash boxes, while clerks and customers alike stood helpless.

For a long time, these two desperadoes have been sufficient to create a panic at any time during the past six weeks.

The city was as thoroughly thronged as any Western town in the earliest mining times. No day passed that these terrors did not commit at least one crime. Generally there were three or four robberies a day, and sometimes as many as seven.

The robbers worked in companies of varying number, but always the Long Man and the Short Man were dominant, and the very name of them made people shiver.

Drug stores were at first the places chosen for operation, but after the crime carnival was under way no line of business escaped. Individuals were held up in the streets, and the man who was out late at night stood small chance of getting home with watch, jewelry or money.

One of the most singular features of the whole was the way in which the Long Man and the Short Man flouted and jeered at the police. In letters which they left in stores they had robbed they frankly told Chief John J. Badenoch that he and his minions were no good. Here is a sample letter:

Chicago, Ill., July 3, 1896.

Mr. Badenoch, Chief of Police:

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our leisure. We write this letter to put you on your guard, and so that you will not relax your vigilance in looking for us.

"If you want to get better acquainted with us, we invite you and your assistants to come and get us. We have had several close calls, but up to the present time have succeeded in fooling the police, and think we can continue to do so. Wishing you success in your attempts to catch us, we remain yours,

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"People—Don't be offended if you find your house upside down. We are the fellows you call the 'long' and 'short' guys, and just to show you we are not afraid of Badenoch and his coppers we are coming on the Northwest Side to do a few jobs. Just tell Badenoch that you saw us and we are out of sight. Yours truly,

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For address write to Chief of Police.

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So the citizens armed themselves for offensive and defensive warfare. The sale of revolvers jumped to stupendous proportions. Dealers sold out their whole stock of weapons. Everybody had a pistol. Extra watchmen were hired by hundreds of merchants. Furniture stores ran out of cots, so many were bought by storekeepers, who compelled their clerks to sleep in the stores.

One caterer in the business district purchased a revolver for each of his eighteen waiters, and it would be dangerous for robbers to attack that establishment. In a West Side bank a Sunday Journal man noticed a revolver lying within two inches of a pile of money that was being counted.

"There are only eight employees in this bank," said the cashier, "but there are fifteen revolvers, and they are scattered around where they could be reached in a second if thugs should attempt to rob us."

In one restaurant on Madison street loop holes were being bored through the partition which divides the kitchen from the dining room, and the cooks and waiters are always ready to "draw one" revolver or four the moment they see trouble in front.

Vigilance committees have been formed in various parts of the city with the avowed object of stringing up or shooting down any of the handiis who may be caught red-handed. Out on Madison street, near California avenue, three stores have been equipped with electric wires, so that the cashier in any one of them could hold up his hands, and at the same time step on a button and summon a dozen armed clerks from the other two establishments.

In fact, Chief Badenoch himself says that though he has arrested a dozen or more things, some of whom are positively identified by victims of the robberies, he did not for some days believe he had really captured the veritable "Long man and short man."

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Two Chinamen were held up in their laundries, another saloon keeper looked into two pistols while his safe and money drawer were emptied, and fully a dozen burglaries that night topped off a beautiful day's work. Though in some instances the handiis numbered four, or even five, there are more than twenty-five cases in which the "long man and the short man" alone figure. In some instances proprietors and clerks who offered resistance have been shot and killed or seriously wounded.

For days Chief Badenoch has had the collection of thugs he has captured march up and down to be inspected by witnesses and victims of the hold-ups, but the deeper the police pry into the mystery the more tangled they become. There is now every evidence that from five to ten men composed the gang which raided the stores. The same men did not take part in all the robberies, though "Red" Sullivan, a notorious young crook, who was captured early in the week, is said to have participated in them all. His assistants, however, varied on different occasions.

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Later on Wednesday another prisoner was brought into the Central Station with great secrecy. He is supposed to be Mike Mahoney, "The Profane Man." Mike is credited with being the loud-mouthed robber who guarded the door of the biscuit company office and with frightful invectives overawed the employees.

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